PRAYERS OR Medytacions, wherein the mynd is stirred, paciently to suffre all afflictions here, to set at nought the vayne prosperitee of this worlde, and alwaie to longe for the euerlastynge felicitee: Collected out of holy woorkes by the most vertuous and graciouse Princesse Katherine quene of Englande, Fraunce, and Irelande.

Anno dñi 1545.

Ann: Dyon

Coloss. iij.

¶ If ye be risen again with CHRISTE, seeke the thynges, whiche ar aboue, where CHRISTE sitteth on the right hande of god. Sette your affection on thynges that are aboue: and not on thynges, whiche are on the earthe.

Moste benigne lorde Jesu, grant me thy grace, that it mate alwaie worke in me, and persеuer with me vnto the ende.

Graunt me, that I maie euer desyre and will that, whiche is moste pleasaunt, and moste acceptable to the.

Thy will be my will, and my will be to folowe alway thy wil.

Let there be alwaie in me one will, and one desyre with the, and that I haue no desyre to will, or not to will, but as thou wilte.

Lorde, thou knowest what thyng is moste profitable, and moste expedient for me.

Geue therfore what thou wilte, as muche as thou wilte,

and whan thou wilte.

Do with me what thou wilte, as it shal please the, and as shal be moste to thyne honour.

Put me where thou wilte, and freely dooe with me in all thynges after thy will.

Thy creature I am, and in thy handes, leade and turne me where thou wilte.

Lo, I am thy seruant, readie to all thynges, that thou commandest: For I desyre not to liue to my selfe, but to the.

Lorde Iesu, I praie the grant me grace, that I neuer sette my herte on the thynges of this worlde, but that al worldly and carnall affections maie vtterly die and be mortified in me.

Grant me aboue all thynges, that

that I maie reſt in the, and fully quiet and pacifie my hert in the.

For thou Lorde, art the veraie true peace of herte, and the perfect reſt of the ſoule: and without the, all thynges be greuous and vnquiete.

My lorde Jeſu, I beſeche the, bee with me in euery place, and at all tymes, and leat it be to me a ſpeciall ſolace, gladly for thy loue to lacke all worldly ſolace.

And if thou withdraw thy comforte from me at any tyme, kepe me, O lorde, from deſperacion, and make me paciently to abyde thy will and ordinaunce.

O lorde Jeſu, thy iudgementes bee rightuouſe, and thy prouidence is muche better for me, than all that I can imagine or

I de-

deuise.

Wherefore dooe with me in all thynges as it shall please the: for it maie not bee but well, all that thou dooest.

If thou wilte that I bee in light, be thou blessed: if thou wilt that I be in darknesse, be thou also blessed.

If thou vouchesake to comforte me, be thou highly blessed: if thou wilte I liue in trouble, and withoute comforte, be thou likewyse euer blessed.

Lorde, gyue me grace gladly to suffre what so euer thou wylte shall fall vpon me, and pacientlye to take at thy hande good and badde, bitter and swete, ioye and sorowe: and for all thynges that shall befalle vnto

vnto me, hertily to thanke the.

Keepe me (lozde) from synne, and I shall than neither dzeade death, noz hell.

O what thankes ought I to geue vnto the, whiche haste sukfered the greuouse deathe of the Crosse, to delyuer me from my synnes, and to obteyne euerlasting like foz me?

Thou gauest vs most perfect example of pacience: fulfillyng and obeiyng the wille of thy father euen vnto the death.

Make me wzetched synner, obedientely to vse my selfe after thy will in all thynges, and pacientiy to beare the burdeyne of this cozruptible life.

Foz though this like bee tedious, and as an heuy burdein to

my soule: yet neuertheleſſe thoꝛough thy grace, and by exampleof the, it is nowe made muche moꝛe easy, and comfoꝛtable than it was befoꝛe thy incarnacion and passion.

Thy holy life is our waye to the, and by folowyng of the, we walke to the, that arte our head and Sauiour: And yet excepte thou haddeſt gone befoꝛe, and ſhewed vs the waie to euerlaſtyng life, who would endeuour hym ſelfe to folowe the? ſeyng we be yet ſo ſlowe and dulle, hauyng the light of thy bleſſed example and holy doctrine, to lede and directe vs.

O loꝛde Jeſu, make that poſſible by grace, that is to me impoſſible by nature.

Thou

Thou knowest well, that I maie litle suffre, and that I am anone cast downe and ouerthrowen with a litle aduersitee: wherfore I beseche the, O lorde, to strengthen me with thy spirite, that I maie willyngly suffre for thy sake al maner of trouble and affliction.

Lorde, I will knowlage vnto the, all mine vnrightuousnesse, and I will confesse to the, all the vnstableneſſe of my herte.

Oftētimes a veraie litle thyng troubleth me sore, and maketh me dull and slowe to serue the.

And sometyme I purpose to stande strongly, but whan a littell trouble cometh, it is to me great anguishe and grieke, and of a right littell thyng ryseth a

greuous temptacion to me.

Yea whan I thynke my selfe to be sure and stronge, and that (as it semeth) I haue the vpper hande: sodeynly I feele my selfe readie to fall with a littell blaste of temptacion.

Beholde therfore good Lorde, my weakenesse, and consider my frailnesse, best knowen to the.

Haue mercy on me, and deliuer me from all iniquitie and synne, that I bee not intangled therwith.

Oftentymes it griueth me sore, and in maner confoundeth me, that I am so vnstable, so weake, and so fraile in resistyng synfull mocions.

Whiche although they drawe me not alwaie to consent, yet ne-

uer

uer the lesse their assaultes bee veraie greuous vnto me.

And it is tedious to me, to liue in suche battaile, all be it I perceyue, that suche battaile is not vnprofitable vnto me. For therby I knowe the better my selfe, and myne owne infirmities, and that I muste seke helpe onely at thy handes.

O lorde god of Israel, the louer of all faithful soules, vouchsafe to beholde the labour and sorow of me thy poore creature.

Assiste me in all thynges with thy grace, and so strengthe me with heuenly strength, that neither my cruell enemy the fiende, neither my wretched flesche (whiche is not yet subiecte to the spirite) haue victorie or dominion

ouer

ouer me.

O what a life maie this be called, where no trouble nor miserie lacketh: where euery place is full of snares of mortall enemies?

For one trouble or temptacion ouerpassed, an other cometh by and by, and the fyrst conflict yet duryng, a newe battaile sodaynly ariseth.

Wherfore Lorde Jesu, I praie the, geue me the grace to rest in the aboue all thynges, and to quiete me in the aboue all creatures, aboue all glorie and honour, aboue all dignitie and power, aboue all cunnyng and policie, aboue all health and beautie, aboue all rychesse and treasure, aboue all ioye and pleasure,

ſure, aboue all fame and praiſe, aboue all myrthe and conſolacion that mans herte maie take or feele beſides the.

For thou lorde god, art beſte, moſte wiſe, moſte highe, moſte myghtie, moſte ſufficient, and moſte full of all goodnes, moſte ſweete, and moſte comfortable, moſte faire, moſte louyng, moſt noble, moſte glorious, in whom all goodneſſe moſte perfectly is.

And therefore what ſo euer I haue beſide the, it is nothyng to me: for my hert maie not reſt, ne fully be pacified, but only in the.

O lorde Jeſu, moſte louyng ſpouſe, who ſhall gyue me wynges of perfect loue, that I maie flie vp from theſe worldly myſeries, and reſte in the?

O.

O when shal I ascende to the, and see, and feele howe sweete thou arte?

Whan shall I wholly gather my selfe in the, so perfectly, that I shall not for thy loue feele my selfe, but the onely aboue my selfe, and aboue al worldly thynges, that thou maiest vouchesafe to visite me in suche wise, as thou doest visite thy most faithfull louers.

Nowe I often mourne and complain of the miseries of this life, and with sorowe and greate heuynesse suffre theim.

For many thynges happen daiely to me, whiche oftentymes trouble me, make me heauy, and darken myne vnderstandyng.

They hynder me greatly, and put

put my mynde from the, and so encumbze me many waies, that I can not freely, and clerely de=syze the, ne haue thy sweete con=solacions, whiche with thy bles=sed sainctes be alwaie pzesent.

I beseche the, Lozd Jesu, that the sighynges and inwarde de=sires of my herte maie moue and incline the, to here me.

O Jesu, kyng of euerlastyng glozie, the toy and comfozt of all chzisten people, that are wan=dzyng as pilgrims in the wil=dernesse of this wozlde: my hert crieth to the by still desires, and my silence speaketh vnto the, and saieth: Howe longe tarieth my Lozde god to come to me?

Come, O lozde, and visite me, foz without the, I haue no true

ioye,

ioye without the, my ſoule is he=
uie and ſadde.

I am in pꝛyſon, and bounden with fetters of ſoꝛowe, till thou, O Lozd, with thy gracious pꝛe=ſence vouchesafe to viſite me, and to bꝛyng me agayn to liber=tee and ioye of ſpirite, and to ſhewe thy fauourable counte=naunce vnto me.

Open my herte, Lozde, that I maie beholde thy lawes, and tea che me to walke in thy comman=dementes.

Make me to knowe and fo=lowe thy wille, and to haue al=waies in my remembꝛaunce thy manyfolde benefyttes, that I maie yelde due thankes to the foꝛ theim.

But I knowlage and confeſſe

foꝛ

for trouthe, that I am not able to geue the condigne thankes for the leaste benefite that thou haste geuen me.

O Lorde, all gyftes and vertues, that any man hath in body or soule, naturall or supernaturall, be thy gyftes, and come of the, and not of our selfe, and they declare the great richesse of thy mercy and goodnesse vnto vs.

And thoughe some haue mo gyftes than other, yet they all procede from the, and without the, the least can not be had.

O Lorde, I accoumpt it for a great benefite, not to haue many worldly gyftes, whereby the laude and prayse of men myght blynd my soule, and deceiue me.

Lorde I knowe, that no man ought to be abasshed or miscontent, that he is in a lowe estate in this worlde, and lacketh the pleasures of this lyfe: but rather to bee gladde and reioyce thereat.

For so muche as thou haste chosen the poore and meke persons, and suche as are despised in the worlde, to be thy seruantes and familiar frendes.

Wytnesse be thy blessed Apostles, whome thou madest chiefe pastours and spirituall gouernours of thy flocke, whyche departed from the counsaile of the Jewes, reioysyng that they were counted worthy to suffre rebuke for thy name.

Euen so, O Lorde, grant, that

I thy seruaunt maie be as well content, to be taken as the least, as other bee to be greatest, and that I be as wel pleased, to be in the lowest place, as in the hyest, and as glad to be of no reputacion in the worlde for thy sake, as other are to be noble and famouse.

Lorde, it is the worke of a perfecte man, neuer to sequester his mynde from the, and amonge many worldelye cares, to goo without care: not after the maner of an ydle or a dissolute persone, but by the prerogatiue of a free mynde, alwaie myndyng heauenly thynges, and not cleanyng by inordinate affection to any creature.

I beseche the therfore, my lorde

Jesu, keepe me from the superfluous cares of this worlde, that I bee not inquieted with bodily necessitees, ne that I be not taken with the voluptuous pleasures of the worlde, ne of the flesshe.

Preserue me from all thynges whiche hynder my soule health, that I be not ouerthrowen with theim.

O Lorde God, whiche arte sweteneſſe vnspeakable, tourne into bitterneſſe to me all worldly and flesshely delites, whiche mought drawe me from the loue of eternall thynges, to the loue of shorte and vile pleasures.

Leat not flesshe and bloude ouercome me, ne yet the worlde with his vaynglorie deceiue me, nor

noz the fiende, with his many=folde craftes supplant me: but geue me gostely strength in resi=stynge theim, pacience in suffe=rynge theim, and constaunce in perseuerynge to the ende.

Geue me, foz all wozldly de=lectacions, the moste swete con=solacion of thy holy spirite, and foz all fleshely loue, indue my soule with feruent loue of the.

Make me stronge inwardely in my soule, and caste out ther=of all vnpzofitable cares of this wozlde, that I bee not ledde by vnstable desyzes of erthly thyn=ges, but that I maie repute all thynges in this wozlde (as they be) transitozie, and soone vani=shyng awaie, and my selfe also with theim, dzawyng towarde

myne ende.

For nothyng vnder the sonne maie longe abide, but all is vanitee and affliction of spirite.

Geue me (lorde) therefore heuenly wysedome, that I maie lerne to seke, and finde the, and aboue all thynges to loue the.

Geue me grace, to withdrawe me from theym that flatter me, and pacientely to suffre theim that vniustly greue me.

Lorde, whan temptacion or tribulacion cometh, vouchesafe to succour me, that all maie tourne to my gostely comforte, and pacientely to suffre, and alwaie to saie, Thy name bee blessed.

Lorde, trouble is nowe at hande, I am not well, but I am great-

greately vexed with this pre-
sent affliction. O moste glori-
ous father, what shall I dooe?
anguishe and trouble are on e-
uery side, helpe nowe, I beseche
the, in this houre, thou shalte
be lauded and praised, whan I
am perfectly made meke before
the, and whan I am clerely de-
lyuered by the.

Wate it therfore please the to
delyuer me: for what maie I
moste synfull wretche dooe? or
whither maie I go for succour,
but to the?

Geue me pacience now at this
tyme in all my troubles, helpe
me, lorde god, and I shall not
feare ne dreade, what troubles
so euer fall vpon me.

And nowe, what shall I saie,

but that thy wil be dooen in me, I haue deserued to be troubled and greued: and therfore it behoueth, that I suffre as longe as it pleaseth the.

But woulde to God, that I might suffre gladly, tyll the furious tempestes were ouerpassed, and that quietnesse of herte might come agayne.

Thy myghtie hande, Lorde, is stronge enough, to take this trouble from me, and to assuage the cruell assaultes therof, that I be not ouercome with theim, as thou haste oftentymes dooen before this tyme, that whan I am cleerely deliuered by the, I maie with gladnesse saie:

The right hande of hym that is highest, hath made this chaunge.

Lorde

Lorde, grant me thy singular grace, that I maie come thither, where no creature shall leat me, ne kepe me from the perfect beholdyng of the.

For as longe as any transitorie thyng keepeth me backe, or hath rule in me, I maie not freely ascende to the.

O lorde, without the, nothyng maie longe delite or please: For if any thyng should be lykyng and sauorie, it muste be throughe helpe of thy grace, seasoned with the spice of thy wisedome.

O euerlastyng lyght, farre passyng al thynges, sende doune the beames of thy brightenesse from aboue, and purifye and lighten the inwarde partes of my herte.

Quicken my soule, and all the powers thereof, that it maie cleaue fast, and be ioyned to the in ioyfull gladnesse of gostely rauishynges.

O, whan shall that blessed houre come, that thou shalt visite me, and gladde me with thy blessed presence, whan thou shalt be to me all in all: verily vntill that tyme come, there can be no perfect ioy in me.

But alas, myn olde man, that is my carnal affections, liue still in me, and are not crucified, nor perfectly deade.

For yet striueth the flesshe against the spirite, and moueth great battaile inwardly against me, and suffereth not thy kyngdome of my soule to lyue in peace.

peace.

But thou, good Lorde, that hast the lordeshyp ouer all, and power of the sea, to assuage the rages and surges of the same, arise and helpe me, destroie the power of myne ennemies, whiche alwaies make battaile against me, shewe forth the greatnesse of thy goodnesse: and leat the power of thy right hande be glorified in me. For there is to me none other hope nor refuge, but in the onely, my Lorde, my God, to the be honour and glorie euerlastyng.

O lord, grant me, that I maie wholly resigne my selfe to the, and in al thynges to forsake my selfe, and pacientlȳ to beare my crosse, and to folowe the.

O

O Lorde, what is man, that thou vouchsafest to haue mynd of hym: and to visite hym?

Thou arte alwaie one, alwaie good, alwaie rightous and holy, iustely and blessedly disposyng all thynges after thy wisedome.

But I am a wretche, and of my selfe alwaie ready and prone to euill, and dooe neuer abyde in one state, but many tymes dooe vary and chaunge.

Neuertheless it shall be better with me, whan it shall please the, for thou, O lorde, onely art he, that maiest helpe me, and thou maiest so confirme and stablishe me, that my herte shall not be chaunged from the, but bee surely fixed, and finally rest and

be

be quieted in the.

I am nothyng els of my selfe but vanitee before the, an vnconstant creature and a feeble: and therefore, whereof maie I rightfully glorie: or why should I loke to be magnified:

Who so pleaseth hym selfe without the, displeaseth the: and he that deliteth in mennes praisynges, loseth the true praise before the.

The true praise is to be praised of the: And the true ioye is, to reioyce in the.

Wherfore thy name (O lorde) be praised, and not myne.

Thy woorkes bee magnified and not myne, and thy goodnes be alwaies lauded and blessed.

Thou arte my glorie and the

ioye

ioye of my herte, in the shall I glorie and reioyce, and not in my selfe, nor in any worldly honour or dignitee, whiche to thy eternall glorie compared, is but a shadowe and verate vanitee.

O Lorde, we liue here in great darknesse, and are soone deceyued with the vanitees of this worlde, and are soone greeued with a littell trouble: yet if I coulde beholde my selfe well, I shoulde playnely see, that what trouble so euer I haue suffered, it hath iustly comen vppon me, because I haue often synned, and greuously offended the.

To me therfore confusion and despite is due: but to the, laude, honour, and glorie.

Lorde, sende me helpe in my trou-

troubles, for mannes helpe is littell woorthe.

Howe often haue I been dis=poynted, where I thought I should haue founde frendshyp: And howe often haue I founde it, where as I least thought:

Wherfore it is a vayne thyng, to truste in man: For the true trust and health of man, is one=ly in the.

Blessed be thou lorde, therfore in all thynges, that happeneth vnto vs: For we be weake and vnstable, soone deceyued, and soone changed from one thyng to an other.

O Lorde god, most righteous iudge, stronge and pacient, whi=che knowest the frailtee and ma=lice of man, bee thou my whole

strength

ſtrength and comfoꝛte in all ne-ceſſitees: foꝛ myne owne conſci-ence (loꝛde) ſuffiſeth not.

Wherfoꝛe to thy mercie I doo appeale, ſeyng no man maie bee iuſtified, ne appeere rightous in thy ſight, if thou examine hym after thy iuſtice.

O bleſſed manſion of thy hea-uenly citee: O moſt cleareſt daie of eternitee, whome the nyght maie neuer darken.

This is the daie alwaie clere and mery, alwaie ſure, and ne-uer chaungyng his ſtate.

Wold to God this daie might ſhoꝛtly appeere and ſhyne vpon vs, and that this woꝛldely fan-taſies were at an ende.

This daie ſhyneth cleerely to thy ſainctes in heuen with euer-laſtyng

lastyng bryghtnesse, but to vs pilgrims in earthe, it shyneth obscurely, and as thrroughe a mirrour or glasse.

The heauenly citesins knowe, howe ioyouse this daie is: but we outlawes, the chyldren of Eue, wepe and waile the bitter tediousnesse of our daie, that is, of this present lyfe, shorte and euil, full of sorowe and anguishe.

Where man is often tymes defiled with synne, encumbred with affliction, inquieted with troubles, wrapped in cares, busied with vanitees, blinded with errours, ouercharged with labours, vexed with temptacions, ouer come with vaine delites and pleasures of the worlde, and greuously tormented with

penurie and neede.

O, when shall the ende come of all these miseries?

When shall I bee clerely deliuered from the bondage of synne?

When shal I (Lorde) haue only mynde on the, and fully bee glad and mery in the?

When shall I bee free without lettyng, and bee in perfecte libertee without greefe of bodie and soule?

When shall I haue peace without trouble? peace within and without: and on euery syde stedfast and sure?

O Lorde Jesu, whan shall I stande and beholde the? and haue full sight and contemplacion of thy glorie?

Whan shalte thou be to me all in all: and whan shall I be with the in thy kyngdome, that thou hast ordeyned for thyn elect people from the begynnyng?

I am lefte here poore, and as an outlawe, in the lande of myne ennemies, where daiely be battailes and great misfortunes.

Comforte myne exile, assuage my sorowe, for all my desyre is to be with the.

It is to me an vnpleasant burdeyne, what pleasure so euer the worlde offereth me here.

I desyre to haue inwarde fruicion in the, but I can not atteyn therto.

I coueite to cleaue fast to heauenly thynges, but worldly affections pluck my minde doune

warde.

I wolde subdue al yuell affections, but they daily rebell and ryse agaynste me, and will not be subiecte vnto my spirite.

Thus I wretched creature, fight in my selfe, and am greeuous to my selfe, whyle my spirite desireth to be vpwarde, and contrarie, my flesshe draweth me downewarde.

O, what suffre I inwardly? I go aboute to mynde heauenly thynges, and streight a great raable of worldely thoughtes russhe into my soule.

Therfore lord, be not longe awaie ne depart not in thy wrath from me.

Sende me the lyght of thy grace, destroie in me all carnall desi-

desyres.

Sende foorthe the hotte flames of thy loue to bourne and consume the cloudie fantasies of my mynde.

Gather, O lorde, my wittes and the powers of my soule together in the, and make me to dispise all worldly thynges, and by thy grace strongely to resist and ouercome all mocions and occasions of synne.

Helpe me, thou euerlastyng trouthe, that no worldely gyle nor vanitee hereafter haue power to deceyue me.

Come also thou heuenly swetenesse, and leat all bitternesse of synne flee farre from me.

Pardon me, and forgeue me, as oft as in my praier my minde

is not surely fixed on the.

For many tymes I am not there whire I stande or syt: but rather there, whither my thoughtes carie me.

For there I am, where my thought is, and there as customably is my thoughte, there is that that I loue.

And that oftentymes cometh into my mynde, that by custome pleaseth me best, and that delighteth me moste to thynke vpon.

Accordyngly as thou dooest saie in thy gospell.

Where as a mans treasure is, there is his herte.

Wherfore if I loue heauen, I speke gladly therof, and of suche thynges as be of god, and of that that apertaineth to his ho-

nour

nour, and to the glorifying of his holy name.

And if I loue the worlde, I loue to talke of worldly thinges and I ioye anone in worldely felicitee, and sorowe and lament soone for worldly aduersitee.

If I loue the flesshe, I imagine oftentymes that that pleaseth the flesshe.

If I loue my soule, I delite muche to speake and to here of thynges, that be for my soule helthe.

And what so euer I loue, of that I gladly here and speake, and beare the ymages of theim still in my minde.

Blessed is that man, that for the loue of the, Lord, setteth not by the pleasures of this worlde,

and learneth truely to ouercome hym selfe, and with the feruour of spirite crucifieth his flesshe, so that in a clene and a pure conscience, he maie offer his prayers to the, and be accepted to haue companie of thy blessed angeles, all earthely thynges excluded from his herte.

Lorde, and holy father, bee thou blessed, nowe and euer: for as thou wilte, so is it dooen, and that thou dooest, is alwaie beste.

Leat me thy humble and vnworthy seruaunt, ioye onely in the, and not in my selfe, ne in any thyng els beside the.

For thou, Lorde, art my gladnesse, my hope, my crowne, and all myne honour.

What

What hath thy seruaunt, but that he hath of the, and that without his deserte?

All thynges bee thyne, thou haste create and made theim.

I am poore, and haue been in trouble ano peyne euer from my youth, and my soule hath been in great heuynesse through manyfolde passions, that come of the worlde and of the flesshe.

Wherefore, Lorde, I desyre, that I maie haue of the, the ioy of inwarde peace.

I aske of the, to come to that reste, whiche is ordeyned for thy chosen chyldren, that bee fedde and nourisshed with the light of heauenly comfortes: For without thy healpe, I can not come to the.

Lorde, geue me peace, geue me inwarde ioye, and then my soule shall bee full of heauenly melodie, and bee deuoute and feruent in thy laudes and praisynges.

But if thou withdrawe thy selfe from me (as thou haste sometyme dooen) than maie not thy seruaunt renne the waie of thy commandementes, as I did before.

For it is not with me, as it was, when the lanterne of thy goostly presence dyd shyne vpon my head, and I was defended vnder the shadowe of thy wynges from all perilles and daungers.

O merciful Lord Jesu, euer to be praised, the time is come, that thou

thou wilte proue thy seruaunt, and ryghtfull is it, that I shall now suffre somewhat for the.

Nowe is the houre comen, that thou haste knowen from the begynnyng, that thy seruant for a tyme shulde outwardly bee set at naught, and inwardely to leane to the.

And that he shulde be despised in the sight of the worlde, and bee broken with affliction, that he maie after arise with the in a newe light, and be clarified and made glorious in thy kyngdom of heauen.

O holy father, thou haste ordeined it so to be, and it is dooen as thou haste commaunded.

This is thy grace (O lorde) to thy friende, to suffre hym to bee trou=

troubled in this worlde for thy loue, howe often so euer it bee, and of what persone so euer it bee, and in what maner so euer thou wilt suffre it to falle vnto hym: for without thy will or sufferance, what thyng is dooen vpon earthe?

It is good to me (O lorde) that thou hast mekened me, that I maie therby learne to knowe thy rightous iudgementes, and to put from me all maner of presumpcion and statelynesse of herte.

It is veraie profitable for me, that confusion hath couered my face, that I maie learne therby rather to seeke to the for helpe and succour than to man.

I haue therby lerned to dread thy

thy secrete and terrible iudgementes, whiche scourgest the rightous with the synner, but not without equitie and iustice.

Lorde, I yelde thankes to the, that thou haste not spared my synnes, but haste punisshed me with scourges of loue, and hast sente me affliction and anguisshes within and without.

No creature vnder heauen maie comfort me, but thou lorde God, the heuenly leache of mannes soule, whiche strikest and healest, whiche bryngest a man nygh vnto deathe, and after restorest hym to lyfe agayne, that he maie therby learne to knowe his owne weakenesse and imbecillitee, and the more fully to truste in the (Lorde.)

Thy

Thy discipline is laied vpon me, and thy rodde of correction hath taught me, and vnder that rodde I wholly submitte me.

Strike my backe and my bones as it shall please the, and make me to bowe my croked wil vnto thy will.

Make me a meke and an humble disciple, as thou haste sometyme done with me, that I maie walke after thy will.

To the I committe my selfe to be corrected: for better it is to be corrected by the here, than in tyme to come.

Thou knowest all thynges, and nothyng is hyd from the, that is in mans conscience.

Thou knowest all thynges to come, before thei fall, and it is not

not nedefull, that any man teache the, or warne the of any thyng that is dooen vpon the earthe.

Thou knowest what is profitable for me, and howe muche tribulacions helpen to purge awaie the ruste of sinne in me.

Dooe with me after thy pleasure, I am a synfull wretche, to none so well knowen as to the.

Graunt me (Lorde) that to knowe, that is necessary to bee knowen: that to loue, that is to bee loued: that to desire, that pleaseth the: that to regarde, that is precious in thy syght: and that to refuse, that is vile before the.

Suffre me not to iudge thy misteries after my outward sensis,

ne

ne to geue sentence after the he-
ryng of the ignorannt, but by
true iudgement to discerne thyn
ges spirituall, and aboue all
thynges alwaie to serche and
folowe thy will and pleasure.

O Lorde Jesu, thou arte all
my richesse, and all that I haue,
I haue it of the.

But what am I (Lorde) that
I dare speake to the? I am thy
poore creature, and a wormme
moste abiecte.

Behold, Lord, I haue nought,
and of my selfe I am nought
worthe, thou arte onely God,
rightous and holy, thou ordre-
rest all thynges, thou geuest
all thynges, and thou fulfyl-
lest all thynges with good-
nesse.

I am

I am a synner, barreine and voide of godly vertue.

Remembre thy mercies, and fill my herte with plentie of thy grace, for thou wilt not that thy woorkes in me shoulde be made in vaine.

Howe maie I beare the miserie of this lyfe, except thy grace and mercie dooe comforte me?

Tourne not thy face from me, deferre not thy visityng of me, ne withdrawy not thy comfortes, lest happely my soule be made as drie earthe without the water of grace.

Teache me lorde, to fulfyll thy wyll, to lyue meekely, and worthilye before the, for thou arte all my wysedom and cunnyng, thou arte he, that knowest me

as I am, that knewest me before the worlde was made, and before I was borne or brought into this life, to the (O lorde) be honour, glorie, and prayse for euer and euer. Amen.

✠ Laudes deum in æternum Amen.

¶ A prayer for the kyng.

LORDE Jesu Christe, moste high, most mighty, kyng of kynges, lorde of lordes, the only rular of princis, the verate sonne of god, on whose ryght hande sittyng, dooest from thy throne beholde all the dwellers vpon earth

earth: with moste lowly hertes we beseche the, vouchsafe, with fauourable regarde, to beholde our moste gracious soueraigne lorde, kyng Henry the eight, and so replenisshe him with the grace of thy holy spirite, that he alwaye incline to thy will, and walke in thy waie. Kepe hym farre of from ignorannce, but thorough thy gifte leat prudence and knowlage alwaie abounde in his roiall herte: So instruct hym (O LORDE IESV) reignyng vpon vs in erthe, that his humaine maiestie, alwaie obeie thy diuine maiestie in feare and dreade. Indue hym plentyfully with heauenly giftes. Graunt hym in health and wealth longe to lyue. Heape glorie and ho-

nour vpon him. Glad him with the ioye of thy countenaunce. So strengthe him, that he maie vanquisshe and ouercome al his and our foes, and be dred and feared of all the enemies of his realme. Amen.

A prayer for men to saie entryng into battayle.

ALMIGHTY KYNG and lorde of hostes, whiche by thy angelles therunto apoynted doost mynister both warre and peace, and whiche diddest geue vnto Dauid bothe courage and strength, beyng but a littell one, vnarmed, and vnexpert in feates of warre, with

with his slyng to sette vpon and ouerthrowe the great huge Goliath: our cause now being iust, and beyng inforced to entre into warre and battaile, we moste humbly beseeche the (O Lorde God of hostes) so to' tourne the hertes of our enemies to the desyre of peace, that no christen bloud be spilt, or els graunt (O Lorde) that with small effusion of bloud, and to the litle hurte and domage of innocentes, we maie to thy glorie obteine victorie: and that the warres beyng sone ended, we maie all with one hert and mynde knytte togyther in concord and vnitie, laude and praise the: which lyuest and reignest, worlde without ende.

Amen.

A deuoute praier to be daicly saied.

ALMYGHTIE and eternall god, whiche vouchsafest, that we, as it were heauenly childzen, shulde euery one of vs call the our heauenly Father: Grant, that amonge vs by pureneſſe and example of innocent lyfe, thy moſt holy name maie bee ſanctified; that all other Nacions, beholdyng our goodneſſe and vertuous deedes, that thou woozkeſt in vs, maie bee ſtyzed to halowe and glozifie thee. Graunt (O Lozde) that the kyngedome of thy grace and mercy may reigne con-

continually in our hertes, so that we maie bee wooꝛthy, to be parte takers of the Realme of glooꝛie and Maieſtee. Graunt, that vnto the veraie deathe, we refuſe not to folowe thy diuine will, and that we (accoꝛdyng to the example of the celeſtiall citeſins, agreyng together quietly) vnited in ſpirite, all controuerſie in opinions laied aparte, the luſtes of the fleſſhe beyng ſubdued, and the flatteryng aſſaultes of the woꝛlde, and the diuell ouercome, neuer wꝛaſtle againſt thy moſte holy will, but obeie it in all thynges. Graunt (O Loꝛde) foꝛ our body needefull ſuſtenaunce, that we maie the moꝛe freely ſerue the. Gyue vs, we beſeeche thee (O mercyfull

father, that heauenly breade, the bodye of thy sonne Jesu Christe, the verate foode and heithe of our soules: Gyue vs the breade of thy diuine precep-tes, that we maie truely walke and lyue after theim. Gyue vs the breade of thy heuenly word, whiche is the stronge buttresse and sure defence of our soules, that we beyng wel fedde and fil-led with this foode, maie worthyly come to the celestiall feast, where as is no hunger. Grant (O Lorde) that we be not vtter-ly ledde into temptacion, that therby we shoulde be loste: but in all perils of temptacion, and in the middes of the stormy tem-pestes of tribulacions, leat vs thy children, perceyue and feele thy

thy fatherly succour, readie to helpe vs, lest that we (ouercome with the naughtie craftes and deceiptes of the temptour) shuld be drawen into euerlastyng destruction: But whan we be well assaied, approued, and purged with the fire of temptacion, than leat vs finisshe our course, and so well and valiantly fight, that we maie for euermore lyue with the, in that heuenly Citie, where and ageynst the whiche no maner temptacion can preuaile.
Finally graunt (moste mercifull father) that we, through thy benigne goodnesse, maie be deliuered from all euils present and to come, bothe of body and soule; and that at the laste, the yocke

of the foule feende beyng ſhoken of, we maie poſſeſſe the heritage of the heauenly kyngdom, whiche thy ſonne, with his pꝛecious bloude bought foꝛ vs thy chyldꝛen: and there foꝛ euer to haue the fruicion of celeſtiall delectations, accumpanied with angelles and bleſſed ſainctes, thoꝛough the healpe benignitee and grace of our ſauiour IESV CHRISTE: to whome, and to the our father, and to the holy goſt, be gloꝛie and honour nowe and euer. Amen.

An other pꝛaier.

O HEAVENLY FATHER, god almighty, I pꝛaie and beſeeche thy mercy, benignely to be-

beholde me thy vnwoorthy ser-
uaunt, that I maie by gefte of
thy holy spirite, feruently desyre
thy kyngedome, that I maie
knowe thy will, and worke ther-
after. Geue me (O lorde) wyse-
dome: Make me constant, pa-
cient, and stronge in the. Keepe
me lord, from the sleighty inua-
sion of the olde wily serpente.
Defende me from the counsai-
les and cursynges of yuell tun-
gues. Leat thy mighty arme be
my shielde agaynst all the ma-
lignitee of this wicked worlde.
Remembre not (lorde) myne of-
fences: instructe, prepare me to
repent, to be sorie for my synnes:
Make me to loue Iustice and
hate wronge, to dooe good, and
absteyne from all yuels: that I
maie

maie be worthy, to be called thy chylde. To the bee honour and glorie for euer and euer. Amen.

A deuoute praier.

LORDE, hearken to my wordes, consider the thought of myn herte. Beholde, howe loude I cry vnto the. Leat my iust praier enter into thyne eares, whiche vnfeignedlye cometh fro myne herte. Heare me lorde: for I am poore, and destitute of mannes helpe. Take care for my soule: saue me thy seruant, which wholly trust in the. Haue mercy vpon me (O lorde) for I will neuer ceasse cryeng to the for helpe.

For

For thou arte mylde and more mercifull than my tungue can expresse. As often as aduersitee assaileth me, I will crie and call for helpe vnto the. I will call vppon the in the daie tyme: and in the nyght my crie shall not be hydde from the. O thou god of the heauens, the maker of the waters, and lorde of all creatures, here me a poore synner, callyng vpon the, and puttyng my wholle truste in thy mercie. Haue mercie vpon me (O lorde god) haue mercie vppon me: For thy manyfolde mercies sake, forgeue all myne offences. Amen.

FINIS.

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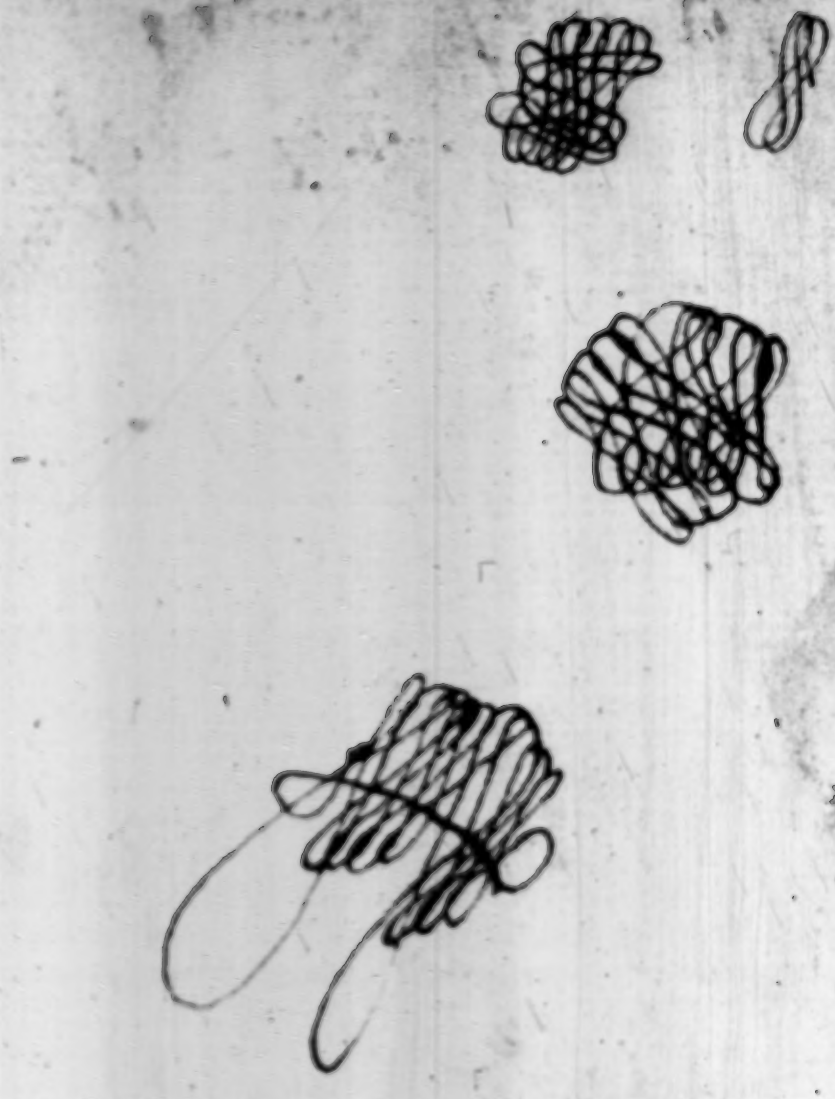
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